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(Left)

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(Right)

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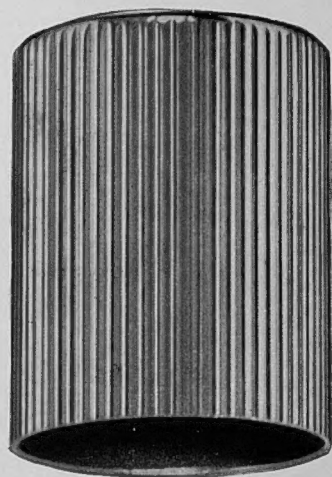
Size 44 41½ gns

Italian
Point
of View
at

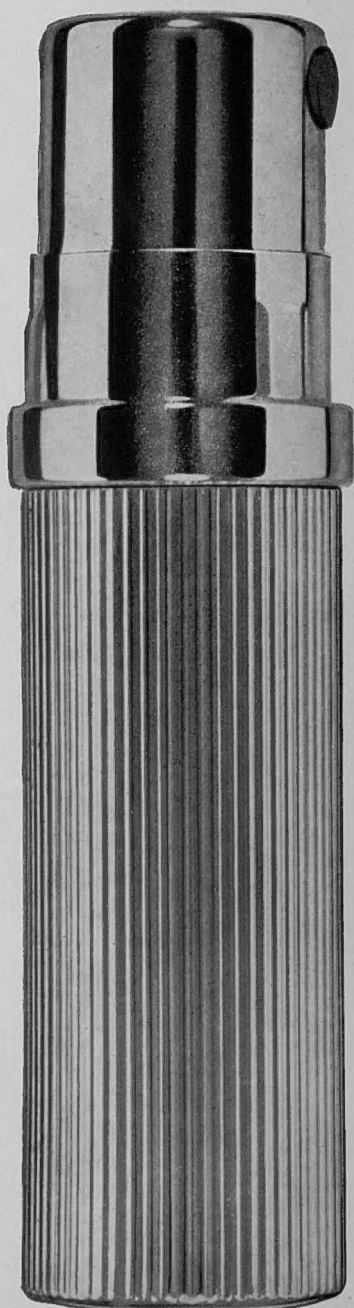
Debenhams

(Above)
Novaro
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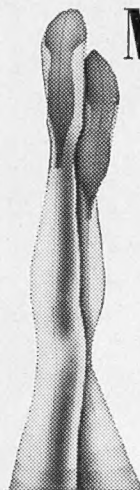


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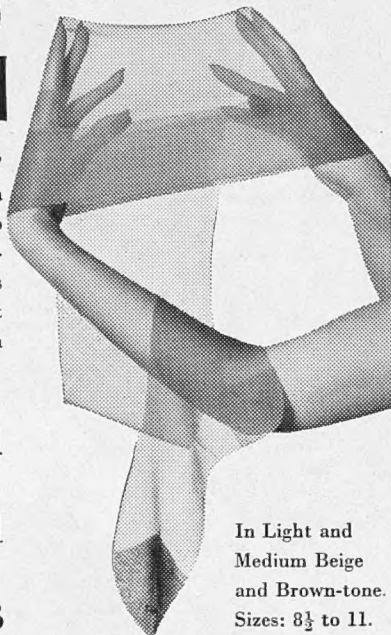
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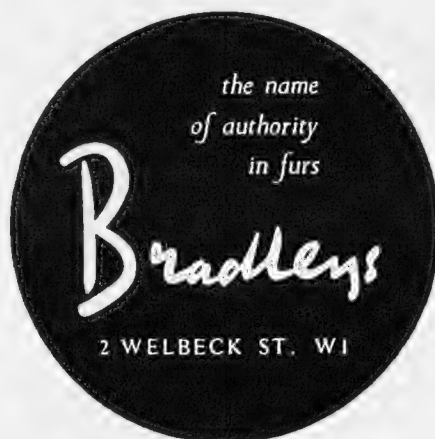
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White beaver collared with gunmetal mink by



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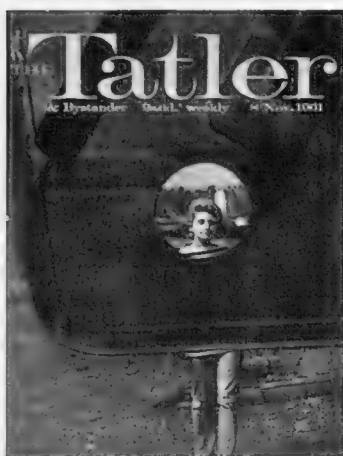
AND BYSTANDER

2s 6d WEEKLY

8 NOVEMBER 1961

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There's always a new way to look at things. Vantage point and viewer here were photographed by John Cowan at low tide near Battersea. Later on he boarded a tug to get some exciting new angles on the Thames (see page 404 onwards). From London river to London parks. Novelist Ronald Blythe writes about them—Battersea included—on page 409. For a new angle on beauty turn to page 431 and for furniture shops with a difference read The other local, an investigation conducted by Ilse Gray on page 432

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Royal Variety Performance, Prince of Wales Theatre, for Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund, in the presence of the Queen Mother, 9 November.
Lord Mayor's Show, 11 November.
Florence Nightingale Hospital Ball, Park Lane Hotel, 15 November. (Tickets, £2 12s. 6d., from the Appeal Secretary, 19 Lisson Grove, N.W.1. PAD 6412.)

International Ball, the Dorchester, in aid of the United Nations Association, 15 November. (Tickets, £3 3s. inc. dinner, from Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon, 25 Charles St., W.1. GRO 2784.)

Royal Motor Yacht Club, dinner-dance, Savoy, 16 November. (Major J. G. Abrahams, AMB 1702.)

Downhill Only Club dinner-dance, Savoy, 17 November.

Avon Vale Hunt Ball, Spye Park, Chippenham, Wilts, 17 November.

Claro Beagles Ball, Granby Hotel, Harrogate, 17 November.

Y.W.C.A. Christmas Fair, Chelsea Town Hall today & tomorrow;

United Charities Fair, Grosvenor House, 13 November; **Westminster**

Red Cross Christmas Fair, Rootes Showrooms, Piccadilly, 13 November;

War-Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Exhibition & Sale of Work, 122 Brompton Rd., to 18 November;

Flying Angel Fair, Londonderry House, in aid of Missions to Seamen,



Ida Kar

16 November; **Swedish Christmas Fair**, Swedish Hall, Harcourt St., Marylebone Rd., W.1, 17 November.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat racing: Newbury, today & 9; Manchester, 9, 10, 11 (November Handicap, 11); Lingfield Park, 10, 11 November. End of flat racing season.

Steeplechasing: Newbury, today & 9; Cheltenham, 10, 11; Manchester, Wetherby, 11; Birmingham, 13, 14; Worcester, 15 November.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *The Sleeping Beauty*, 8, 9 November (7.30 p.m.), 11 November (2 p.m.). (COV 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *Fidelio*, 10, 15 November; *Der Freischütz* (last

perf.), 11 November; *Madama Butterfly*, 14 November. All 7.30 p.m.

Royal Albert Hall. Sir Thomas Beecham Memorial Concert, with Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, 7.30 p.m., 9 November. (KEN 8212.)

Royal Festival Hall. Royal Concert for St. Cecilia's Festival, attended by the Queen Mother, 8 p.m., 21 November. (WAT 3191.)

British Broadcasting Exhibition, National Book League, Albemarle St., to 25 November.

ART

Epstein Memorial Exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 17 December.

LECTURE

"Breaking the Barrier"—the writer's problems: Hermon Ould Memorial

Ann Cole Phillips, the American artist whose solo exhibition is currently at the Molton Gallery. This is her first London show, though she has had them in Paris and her native New York. Miss Phillips is seen here in the workshop of her frame-maker, Gibetto

Lecture by Miss C. V. Wedgwood, Dame Rebecca West in the chair. Friends' House, Euston Rd., 7.30 p.m., 14 November. (Tickets, P.E.N. Club, FLA 5949.)

FIRST NIGHTS

Prince's Theatre. *Baruch of Amsterdam*, 9 November; *Sender Blask*, 13 November; *Tevye der Milchik*, 16 November. (Polish State Jewish Theatre.)

BRIGGS by Graham



GOING
PLACES
IN
PICTURES

*Svetlana Beriosova rehearses the new Stravinsky ballet to be presented by the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden on 12 December. The work is called **Persephone** and has a speaking part, written by André Gide, which Beriosova will also perform. This is the first time the Russian-born ballerina has spoken on the stage and she is taking preliminary speech lessons. Right: Beriosova with the corps de ballet. The choreography is by Frederick Ashton. Below: Beriosova speaks. There is also a singing chorus and tenor role, to be sung by André Turp. Costumes will be by the Greek painter Nico Ghika*



Photographs: Dominic





John Baker White

Two for the engagement book

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

Plato's, 83 Wigmore Street. (WEL 7867.) It must be five years since I first praised the Greek cooking in this small, modest but pleasant restaurant. I do so again. If you are new to Greek cooking I suggest you start with *taramasalada*, with a glass of Ouzo, Greece's equivalent of Pernod, *moussaka* to follow, finishing with Turkish coffee—medium sweet—and a piece of Mr. Pano's special Greek Delight. And drink a Greek wine, for example a white Samos, with it. The food alone will cost you about 11s. Note: *Tarama* is a fish *pâté*, made in Greece from the roes of grey mullet, and here, usually, from cod's roe. W.B.

La Réserve, 37 Gerrard Street, W.1. (GER 5556.) C.S. Now owned by, and under the personal supervision of, Mr. Louis Freeman, with a changed and less sombre décor, this is a restaurant of outstanding quality. On the menu, as one example of its standard, are *Les Quenelles de Brochet Sauce Nantua (ou au Champagne)*, as good as those at the Hôtel du Midi at Lamastre. In the cellar, selected by a Master of Wine, are some splendid wines. The service is excellent. Your main course will cost you between 15s. and 25s., but you will have no cause for regret. A place for the full, unhurried enjoyment of fine food and wine, and the intelligent, or intimate, conversation they stimulate. W.B.

A.1 at Walshford

The Bridge Inn, Walshford, Wetherby, Yorkshire. (Wetherby 2345.) Those who know the A.1—the Great North Road—and combine gastro-

nomy with travel, arrange to get here at midday or for dinner. The dining-room is one of the most elegant in any restaurant in Britain, and the cooking is up to the same standard. On the *à la carte* menu—what you spend is up to you—the cuisine is international, slanted towards French and using the best British produce—but you can eat jolly well for 12s. 6d. to 15s. The wine list is remarkable, especially the German wines. It includes several "collector's pieces", e.g. a Château Lafite Rothschild 1897, at 139s. There is virtually nothing under 25s. 6d. per bottle, except two carafe wines, which I think is a pity from the point of view of the younger and less affluent wine-drinker. W.B.

Wine note

For those who like white wines of delicacy and quality, and are prepared to pay about 25s. to 30s. per bottle for them, the estate-bottled Franconian Stein wines offer a field rather neglected hitherto in this country. At Messrs. S. F. Hallgarten's recent tasting at Grosvenor House there were some admirable 1959 wines. My favourite was the Thüngersheimer Neuberg, a wine of promise, with the Hörsteiner Reuschberg-Abtsberg as runner-up.

At the end of the lunch we tasted a remarkable "Spitzenwein," or dessert wine, a 1959 Hörsteiner Abtsberg-Reuschberg Riesling Trockenbeereauslese. It costs £15 per bottle. Franconian wines are said to cure the 'flu: I can't see us getting this one on the N.I.S.

... and a reminder

Hatchetts, Piccadilly. (HYD 0217.) Recently reopened as Overtons' third establishment. The Guards Bar is something extra special.

Buckingham Flame Room, 62 Petty France. (ABB 3886.) A small, comfortable restaurant specializing in high quality meat and château-bottled wines.

Claridge's restaurant, Brook Street. (MAY 8860.) Everything of high quality, with Luigi keeping an eye on it all.

Rules, 35 Maiden Lane (off the Strand). (TEM 5314.) Edwardian background for honest English cooking. For some a place of memories. Booking essential.



Hanns Tschira

Going places late in the Black Forest—playing roulette in a luxurious salon of the Casino at Baden-Baden. The spa, so popular in Edwardian days, is rapidly coming back into favour with British visitors for its wide range of entertainments as well as its healing waters



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J. Allan Cash

Lisbon: Yacht harbour with the memorial to Sea Discoveries



Doone Beal

A season for cities

THE PLEASURES OF A CITY ARE THOSE OF CIVILIZATION. CONCERTS AND cafés; theatres and night clubs; restaurants and shops; cathedrals and museums (though it amuses me to reflect how many people who have never set foot inside the V. & A., the Festival Hall, Covent Garden, the National Gallery or the British Museum will bribe hall porters to the limit and wear their shoes to shreds in quest of their foreign equivalents!) On the other hand, I once met a Spaniard who told me how passionately he loved the Albert Hall in November fog. It seems that, either way, November and December are city seasons.

Despite the Kahlenburg Hill and its open air cafés high over the Danube that so delight the Viennese in summer, **Vienna** is to me a winter city; a cosy city, with restaurants such as Sacher where you sink into the softest of armchairs to eat the most melting *vol au vent* I know. Coffee at Demel, when it is so full of tobacco smoke and people that the windows steam up and the Viennese are almost denied a favourite pastime of observing their enemies, their acquaintances and their friends, complete with running commentary, as they perambulate the streets of the "little ring" outside. The Hofburg Chapel and the

Vienna Boys' Choir on a Sunday morning is the experience of a lifetime and worth bribing *any* hall porter anything for the necessary tickets; so is the Spanish Riding School with its exquisite ballet of horses, its Straussy music, its opera-house plush, unique to Vienna; and, above all, the Opera itself, now in full season, as well as operetta, granted the importance of a theatre to itself and occasional treats such as Karajan conducting *Fledermaus* as he did last New Year's Eve. Then dinner by candlelight afterwards, with gentle piano music, at Drei Husaren or Zur Linde and a chilled, sweet-spring-water hock. . . . Vienna remains, for me, the most romantic of cities. The weather up to Christmas should be good—cold and sparkling, as I found it even in January, with high blue skies and a temperature that may well have been, but never felt, below zero, because the air was so dry. It is worth remembering that January, that deadest of months even in capital cities, is in Vienna the gayest, with the season of *fascching* that includes the Opera Ball, the Philharmonic Ball and numerous galas. Vienna's best hotels are all in the centre, and I would not commend moving out of it for the sake of a few schillings. At both Sacher and the Bristol you pay, but get supreme luxury for it, at around £5 15s. for a double room with bath (the basis on which I quote hotel rates throughout this article). The air fare: £48 7s. return, PAN-AM., B.E.A. Austrian Airlines.

Athens in December is almost at its best. The resin tingles the air and the sun is hot. I walked, one Sunday, up through the woods of Lycabettas (the little pointed hill, surmounted by a church, to the north of the city) and gazed at the Acropolis and the scattered white cubes of the city looking almost, at that distance, like an emptied sackful of sugar; I walked through the streets of Plaka right up to the Parthenon, both of them impossible thoughts in the heat of summer when one rather wastes Athens in the haste to get out of it to a beach. Not that it is a conventionally beautiful city, except from some vantage point outside it—when its hillocks of dark cypress and white stone are overwhelmingly so—but it has character. No other city is quite like it. There are now six luxury hotels (rates from £4), of which the King's Palace has its own roof-top bar and night club. The Athenian's night club is the Athenaeum, in an arcade opposite.

The best Greek—as opposed to international—food is in Zona Floca, Costi's, the garden restaurant of Kalamies on Stadium Street, and Adam's Tavern in Makriyanni Street—this last for late dinners, a haunt of the theatre fraternity. Finally, think of Sunion and Delphi without the crowds who are so intent on focusing on each other that one wonders whether they ever see its soaring white columns except through the lens of a camera. Delphi, some four hours' journey by road from Athens, is well worth spending the night in—one look isn't enough—and there is a comfortable first-class hotel there, the Delphi. Night tourist return to Athens: £84 12s., B.E.A. and Olympic.

If I were going there in winter, and golf and swimming were not the *raison d'être*, I think I'd choose **Lisbon** in preference to the resort of Estoril, from which it is the simplest of 20-minute journeys by frequent electric train. It shares the same climate—obviously—but has the advantage of having far more to see and do. Quite apart from its churches and museums (I regret not having seen the Carriage Museum; unique, I believe, in the world), its shops can yield treasures. I have written before of the things you can buy there for the house, but if you are Christmas shopping for yourself, consider the jewellery. If you're paying, you can buy attractive gold-dipped baubles—bracelets and so on—for a song, and there is a good selection at Pimmenta, in Rua Augusta. If somebody else is, the classic is Joalharia do Carmo, 87, Rua do Carmo. The Portuguese have kept alive a great standard of hand-workmanship and one can find lovely antique reproduction jewellery as well as the genuine stuff. For children, the most charming dolls I have ever seen, all dressed in different regional costume, are made by Maria Helena, and are sold in several shops, notably the Madeira House in Rua Augusta. Another unusual buy is the book binding: take your own, and have them done in hand-tooled leather at a tiny shop, Frederico d'Almeida, 31 Rua Antonio Maria Cardoso.

Staying in Lisbon: there are three excellent new hotels, Tivoli and Fenix (both £3 10s.) and the Mundial (£3). Plus the new Ritz, at about £8 a night. Tourist return by air: £48 10s., B.E.A. and T.A.P.

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A WEEK IN THE CITY



The Queen at Guildhall attended the reception of the Magistrates' Association to commemorate the 600th anniversary of the Statute of Edward III which first constituted Justices of the Peace. Accompanied by Prince Philip, the Queen was welcomed by the retiring Lord Mayor of London, Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen, and the Hon. Lady Waley-Cohen. Muriel Bowen writes about the incoming Lord Mayor overleaf with a full report of a busy social week in the City

Week
in the
City

Muriel Bowen reports

Justices celebrate at Guildhall . . .



In the drawing-room at Hoare's Bank, the Lord Mayor-Elect, Sir Frederick Hoare, with his wife and daughters, Mary Rose, 17, and Marinella, 9. The oil painting of a forebear, Benjamin Hoare, of Boreham, with his hounds is by John Wootton

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP WENT TO Guildhall for their first evening engagement after their return from Balmoral. The occasion was the City's salute to the men and women who, up and down the country, spend long hours on that hard, seat-aching thing, the Bench. It was the City's commemoration of the 600th anniversary of the Statute of Edward III which constituted Justices of the Peace. A glamorous occasion too. Long dresses rustled on the stone steps and the armour of the pikemen gleamed gently in the soft light of the chandeliers. From the stone, shallow minstrels' gallery I watched the Queen and Prince Philip walk through a broad valley of people; among them **Major Sir Reginald & Lady Bullin**, **Dr. & Mrs. R. M. Jackson**, **Lady Norman**, widow of a former Governor of the Bank of England who sits on the bench in the Chelsea area, and **Lady Artemus Jones**, a J.P. who had travelled up from Wales.

Nowhere is the great social occasion relished more than in the City. When something that is as much part of the social fabric as the magistracy has a birthday, better still a 600th one, there is no trouble in getting the businessmen to begin their march back to the City again after the day's work. There was the Governor of the Bank, the **Earl of Cromer**, & the **Countess of Cromer** in blue satin which showed up her very fair hair, Mr. & Mrs. **Kenneth McNeil**, **Lord Ritchie of Dundee** and many more. Lord Ritchie, who wants a closer liaison between stockbrokers in different countries, as well as a greater exchange of information between them, entertained a large party of foreign stockbrokers to several days in the City the previous week. Lord Ritchie is not only a shrewd Scot but he has a sense of humour too. "We put on a very big party for them the first night and they never got round to arguing with our ideas after that!" he told me.

But to get back to the magistrates, 900 of the 16,000 on the active list were at Guildhall for the celebrations. Lots of well-known figures, lots of husbands and wives who are both magistrates, like **Lord & Lady Merthyr**, Mr. & Mrs. **F. D. Holder**, **Sir Charles & Lady Burman** and **Sir Leonard & Lady Costello**. Also **Lady Salmon**, one of London's most recently appointed magistrates, and her husband, **Sir Samuel Salmon**, Mrs. **F. S. Spurgin**, **Sir Basil Henriques** (full of ideas as always on the treatment of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 400

... and Shakespeare at Grocers' Hall



the audience at the Grocers' Hall, where Sir Donald and Lady Wolfitt presented scenes from Shakespeare



Mr. Vernon Anley and Miss Angela Pringle



Programme sellers Miss Iona Matheson, Miss Iona Dilke, and Miss Diana Prickett

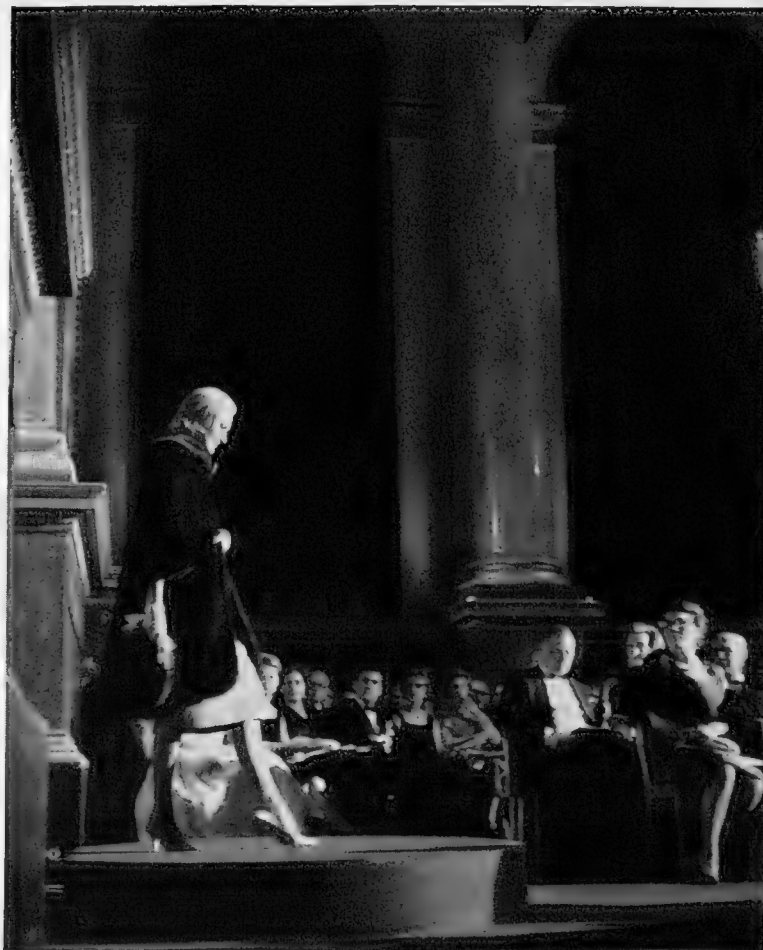


Dr. Richard Farmer, Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Guest, and the Hon. Sylvia Rodney

WEEK
IN
THE
CITY
CONTINUED

Gilding the Mink

Photographs by A. V. Swaebe



Appropriately at Goldsmiths' Hall the exhibition of modern jewellery 1890-1961 provided the setting for a fashion parade of Emba mink organized by the Children's Society

Above: A model displays an Emba mink coat. Below: Pyramid showcases display some of the modern jewellery. Viewers, Mr. & Mrs. Bryan Harris





Mr. Michael de Szell and Miss Sally Hunter

Models parade under the chandeliers at Goldsmiths' Hall against a background of chalices and plate



Mr. A. Abel Smith, Mr. Reginald Williams, and Mrs. Abel Smith before the parade



Above: Mr. & Mrs. John Bardsley, Lady Selsdon and Mrs. Billy Abel Smith

Left: Marchioness Douro drawing numbers from the tombola



Mr. C. S. Padgett, Prime Warden of the Goldsmiths, and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, chairman of the Children's Society, waiting to receive the guests



Liberals go to a wedding

Miss Elizabeth Byers, daughter of the party's chairman, marries Mr. Charles Malcolm in Surrey



Mr. & Mrs. Frank Byers receiving their guests



Mr. & Mrs. C. Cadbury; and Lord Layton



Miss Caroline Brook & Miss Ann Byers

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

juveniles who appear before the bench), **Lady Mottistone** up from the Isle of Wight and more than 25 years a J.P., **Mr. & Mrs. Russell J. Storey**, and **Mrs. F. Earengy**, widow of the Judge, and one of London's J.P.s. The City Fathers had also gathered together the people the magistrates most wanted to meet, people like **Mr. Butler**, the Home Secretary, & **Mrs. Butler**, **Viscount Kilmuir**, the Lord Chancellor, & **Viscountess Kilmuir**, and the Lord Chief Justice, **Lord Parker of Waddington**, whose estate car was easy to pick out among the Rolls-Royces.

MOVING IN AT MANSION HOUSE

This week sees a change at the Mansion House. **Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen**, so active, so refreshingly outspoken, & **the Hon. Lady Waley-Cohen** move out and **Sir Frederick & Lady Hoare** move in. It is a tradition with outgoing Lord Mayors that they cease to make speeches, and turn down all requests to take an official part in public functions for a year or more after relinquishing office. This is the City's way of keeping the spotlight on the Lord Mayor, on the office rather than the man. Each year, though, the public quickly gets to know about the new Lord Mayor's wife and family. They remember things like Lady De la Bere's badminton in the ballroom, Lady Waley-Cohen's wonderfully chic dresses. Lord Mayors are nowadays much younger than they were a generation or two ago, so there are young children in the Mansion House. Things like charades and children's Christmas parties echo through the old house. **Sir Frederick & Lady Hoare** have two daughters, Mary Rose, who

is 17 (she's left school and hopes to do scientific research), and Marinella, 9, who is at the French Lycée. The new Lord Mayor is a member of the famous banking house and so, until a year or so ago, was his wife. She is the only woman ever to hold a job in Hoare's Bank. During the wartime staff shortages she went to the bank to help in the securities division. Liking the work she stayed at her desk for a number of years.

GEMS AND THE GOLDSMITHS

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company, conscious of the modern impact of exhibitions, are having their first big international project ever, the International Exhibition of Modern Jewellery at the Goldsmiths' Hall. The first evening was a benefit in aid of the Children's Society and the huge number of people tucking into salmon *mousse* and chicken *à la king* was a tribute to **Mrs. Antony Hunter's** special ticket-selling committee. Even in these affluent days selling tickets at £5 each isn't all that easy. The Goldsmiths are rightly proud of their hall, and never have I seen it look more lovely than on this particular evening, with all its chandeliers lighted with wax candles. How the lighting was done puzzled an American couple. After a few moments though the husband said: "Well, I suppose, Jane, they get them all lit by some electronic device, perhaps I.B.M. provide something." The comment would not recommend itself to **Viscount Runciman of Doxford**, the Goldsmiths' Warden, but it would have amused him. The idea of the exhibition came from **Mrs. Shirley Bury** and **Mr. Carol Hogben** of the Victoria & Albert, and they were

joined in an organizing committee by **Mrs. Roland Penrose**, **Mrs. Fleur Cowles Meyer** and others. Beautiful jewels came from everywhere. The Queen Mother sent a diamond tiara and the diamond and emerald badge and star of the Order of the Thistle. They were brought from Clarence House in a brown paper bag.

HAMLET AND THE GROCERS

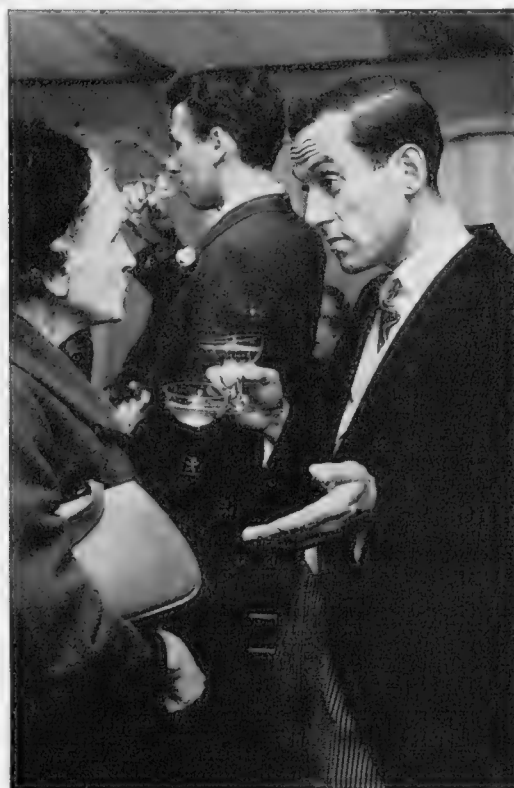
Youth Clubs are getting more and more enthusiastic support, if not hard cash. But any deficiency due to the latter is not the fault of **Lady Jean Mackenzie** who persuaded the Grocers' Company to allow the use of their hall to raise money for the National Association of Youth Clubs. Persuading a City livery company to part with its hall for an evening is always difficult, and putting it to original use once you have got it, even more so. Lady Jean's committee got hold of **Sir Donald & Lady Wolfit**, and their performance of scenes from *Hamlet* and *Twelfth Night* was an interesting evening's entertainment without the various flourishes that went with it, pleasant though they were. **The Duchess of Buccleuch** received the guests, who included the **Hon. Gerard Noel & Mrs. Noel**, **Lt.-Col. & Mrs. T. A. G. Pritchard**, **Dr. Marjorie Blackie**, **Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Guest**, the **Hon. Sylvia Rodney**, **Miss Bridget Heaton-Armstrong**, and **Miss Angela Martineau**, who came with her fiancé, **Mr. Anthony Raikes**.

LADIES AND THE LAW SOCIETY

Women have tended to avoid the City for a luncheon date—the thought of some sordid eating place painted a stolid British Railways brown and cream has been enough to put them

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill

Miss Elizabeth Byers, daughter of Liberal leader Mr. Frank Byers, and her bridegroom, Mr. Charles Malcolm



Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, the Liberal M.P.

off. Now the Law Society, thanks to the imagination and persuasiveness of its secretary, **Sir Thomas Lund**, has shown the way. They have provided the most ultra-modern Ladies Annexe, primarily designed for out-of-town solicitors to entertain their wives—a place where they can get good food, see what other women are wearing, and take in the Michael Inehbald décor which will give them something to talk about. The walls, floor, and upholstery are all in flame colour. I hear that the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Kilmuir, was stunned to silence by it before making one of his apt comments. Sir Thomas has been very clever. Clever to get lawyers, whom I have always considered a little bit on the staid side, to accept something so imaginative; and clever in providing in a man's club a couple of rooms where women feel glamorous.

DAY OFF FOR A WEDDING

Men who work in the City hate being away from it for a day. But Mr. **Frank Byers** had no excuse one day last week, his daughter Elizabeth was getting married to Mr. Charles Malcolm at Blindley Heath. She, brave girl, is off to the Orkneys to live, but among the telegrams was a welcoming one from the local M.P., Mr. **Jo Grimond**. Her father's remark on hearing it was most appropriate for the Liberal Party chairman. He said: "I must remind her about doing her bit of canvassing." Best roof raisers of the day though were the opening remarks of the bridegroom's speech: "I'm starting off in a Byers' tradition, I'm making the speech that has been written for me by my wife."



Mr. Alec Mason and other guests listening to the speeches



Left: Dr. Neill Malcolm, the best man, reading telegrams. Above: Lord Rea, the Liberal peer, and Miss Frances Cochrane



Mrs. Henry Blundell, who competed in the second event, on National Night

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

Major-General R. F. K. Goldsmith, the president Lt.-Col. E. J. Fink and Miss Morag Jack

With staff work and communications on Army lines and a big turn-out from the garrison for its Hunter Trials, no amount of Yorkshire rain or heavy going could slow up . . .



THE CATTERICK CAVALRY



Mrs. A. M. H. Mahony and her daughter Carole, Garrison Class entrants



Capt. M. O. N. Bird, secretary of the trials, with Major E. R. Hardy and Lt.-Col. E. McErskine



Troops of the Royal Signals, who ran the field communications, collecting lunch from a field kitchen



Brigadier S. Heathcote competing in the Open event



Mr. R. W. Ratcliffe on Gunner



Miss A. Machin on Buttercup



Major T. Reynolds on Alfie



Miss Pat Harrison, who won the Open event, on Cloyce



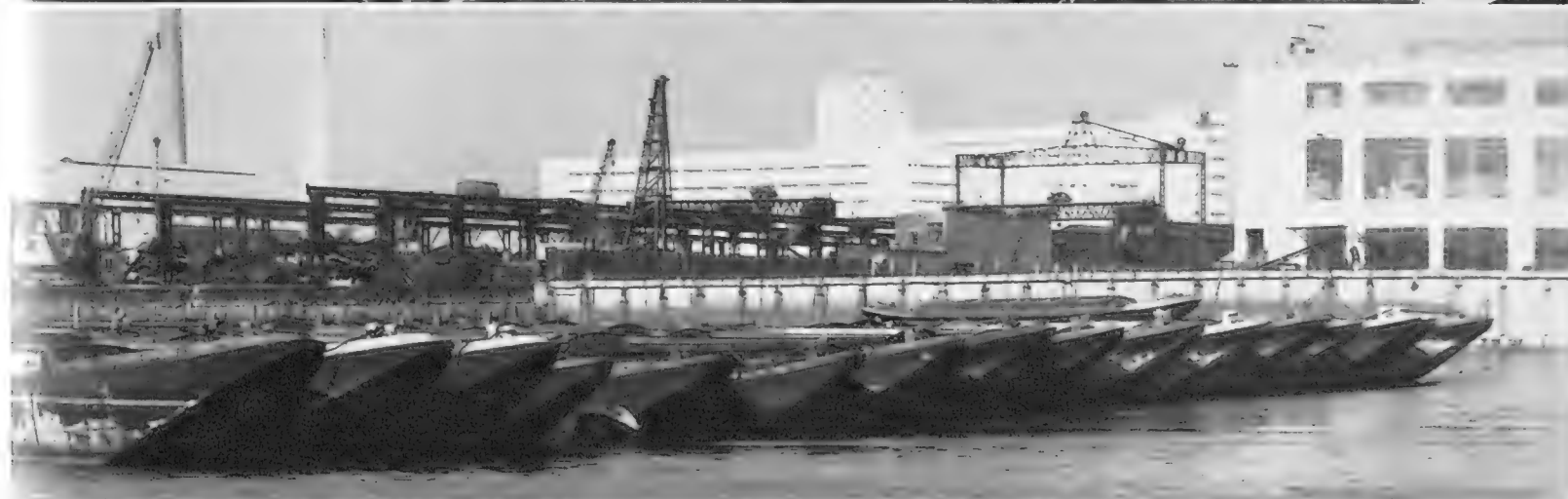
To fog-bound shipmasters earth presumably has not any sight to show more fair than the prospect of London river afforded by radar—the Decca screen above shows the Thames



at Hammersmith. This is the newest view there is, but unusual angles on the Thames are not the exclusive province of the cathode tube, as this picture sequence shows

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COWAN

New view for tug skipper Charlie Pridmore of the Sunrise awaiting arrival of supercargo Cowan with equipment



Familiar view for tug skippers, a row of unladen lighters lie to their moorings broadside against the quay

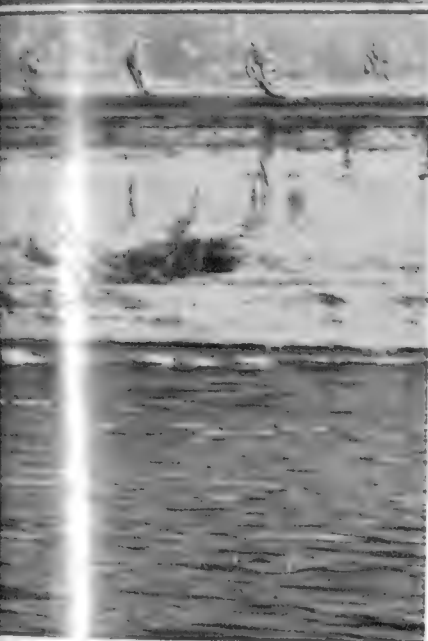


Functional and ugly, the lighter Stamina moored alongside warehouses at Wapping. Functional but outdated (*below*), the old Woolwich ferry soon to be replaced by diesel craft. Functional still and elegant, too, the Trafalgar Tavern at Greenwich (*below, right*), now split into studios and flats for river lovers





Watchers (*left*) at Tower Pier and watched (*above*), the crew at the rail of the Russian ship Kara. In the bows of the tug Sunrise (*below*) waiting for the hawser to descend from the Kara before towing





Three mugs of strong tea (*left*) for the crew of the tug Sunrise. Another Sun tug (*below*) pulls the ship Aaro stern-first out of the Royal Albert Dock, a manoeuvre dictated by space



Police launch, seen through the tug's hawse hole, speeds past Winkley's Wharf on the Isle of Dogs



The pleasure of parks



story by
RONALD BLYTHE

pictures by
ROGER MAYNE

THERE is nothing so entirely "town" to the countryman as the park. He can wear his London clothes, put on his London face and stare at the London natives through the urbane windows of his London club, but he won't feel that he is *in* London until he walks in the park. There, among the pampered ducks and sprawling lovers, with Becket characters on every bench and Treasury men contemplating Bank Rates under imperturbable elms, and with the traffic reduced to nothing more than a resemblance to the advance of Genghis Khan, he can persuade himself that he is at the hub of Empire—or whatever they call it now.

My first park was Regent's Park. I was eight and I returned from the experience with an indestructible impression of tarry sandals and giraffes. If I had been dragged through a Gold Coast jungle my recollections could hardly have been more barbaric. I know I returned to the cow-patty meadows of East Anglia with thankfulness; they seemed to me so infinitely civilized after N.W.8—and some of them, exercising a little presumption, did actually call themselves parks.

When I was 13, General Knowledge set in with a vengeance. Every adult I met considered it his or her moral duty to tell me things. My nice, new, empty mind became a dump for unrelated facts. And



nowhere primed the pump of inculcation like a park. I would assume an agonizing indifference to the most fascinating objects because I knew that if I so much as glanced at them I would hear their entire history. But it was all in vain. Statues, plants, uniforms, architecture, potted history, band music, matchbox tops (*"Just look at it; don't pick it up, you don't know where it has been"*) anything—except people—was grist to the do-you-know mill.

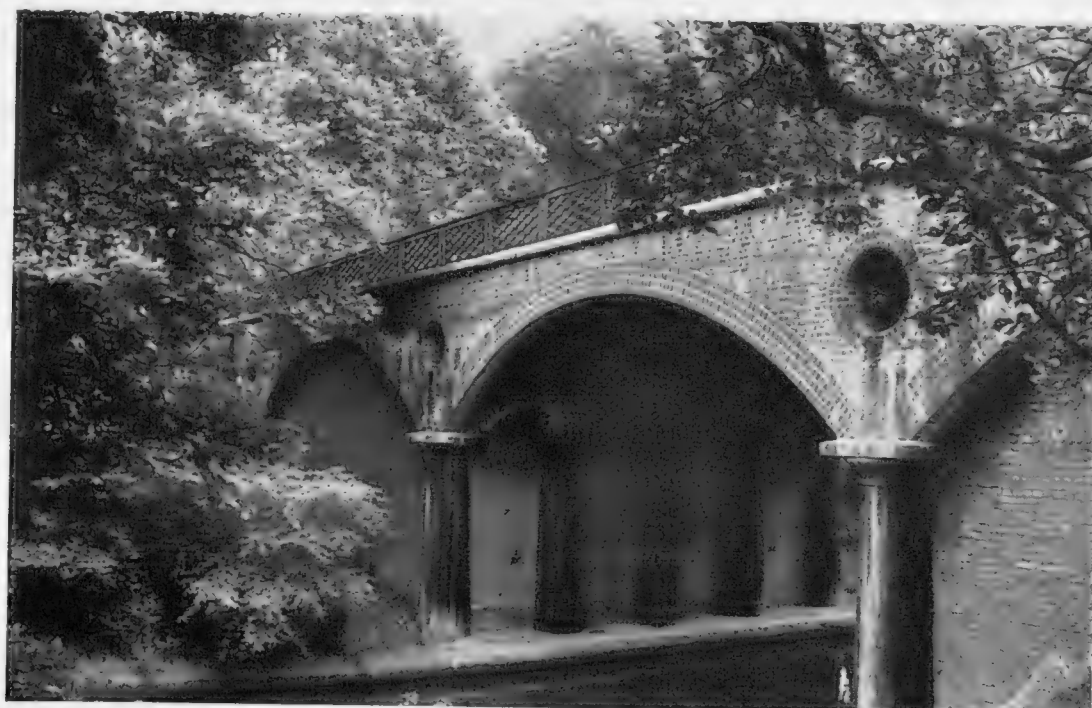
Why not *people*? Because staring at people was rude. And making remarks about people was common. People didn't see people in parks; they saw Nature and Buckingham Palace. This accounts for that delicious English custom which never ceases to astound foreigners—park love. All those girls and boys scattered like confetti over the grass are there because they have been well brought up and know that when they want to make love they should go somewhere where they cannot be seen, such as a public park.

There were minute compensations for these enormous walks from Marble Arch to Kensington Palace. Sir James Barrie, an unaccountable gap in my mythology, was sketched in with *"Which statue, dear? Oh, that. Peter Pan—he was the hero of an Edwardian play, they tell me. . . ."*

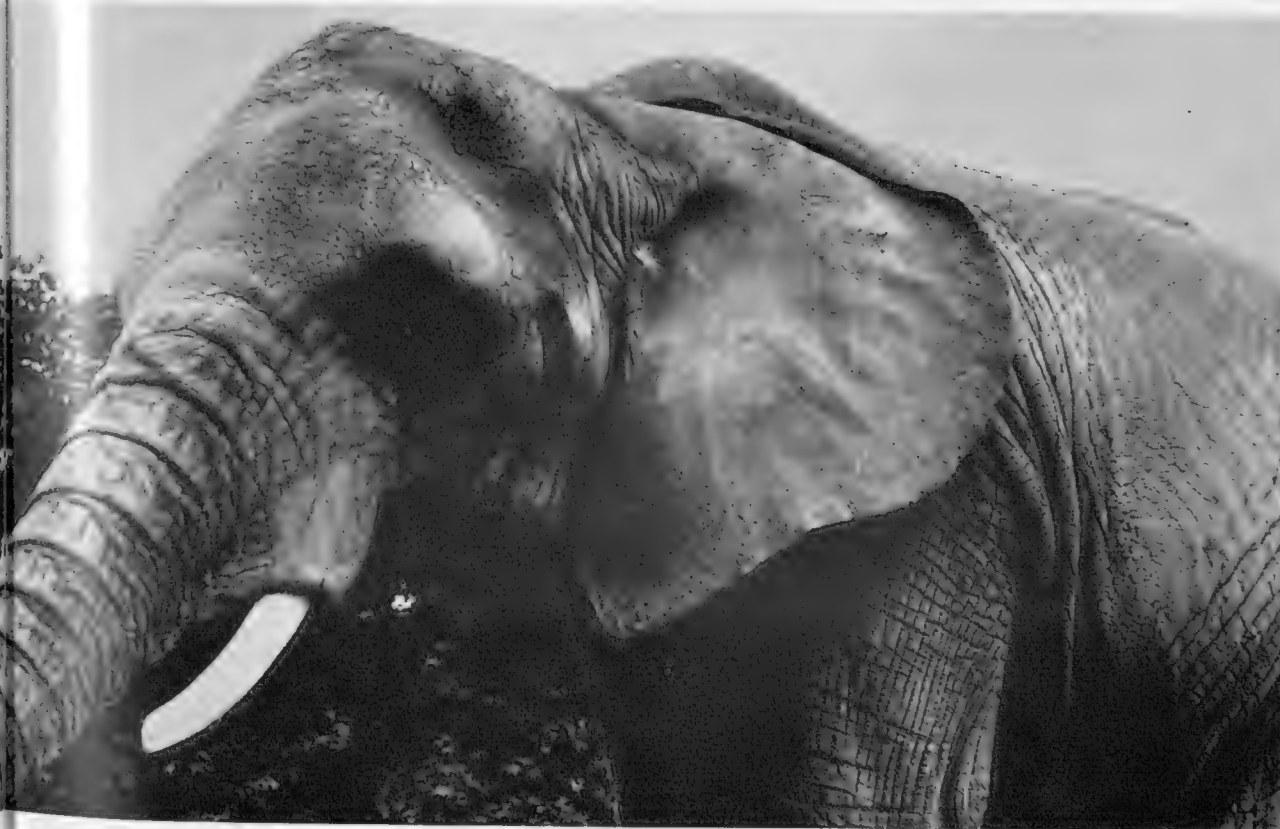
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The pleasure of remembrance (left) beside the Serpentine. But only a few—the academic kind—will think of Shelley or Shelley's wife. Most go to swim when the sun shines—to stroll when it doesn't. And on Boxing Day some perennial hardies may even have to break the ice for the Christmas plunge that burnishes anew the bright coin of conscience



The pleasure (left) of lovers' meetings in Green Park and (below left) the pleasure of Victorian monuments—still loved by many. Here Prince Albert stands on his ornate plinth where Hyde Park strides to touch Kensington Gardens



The pleasures of wandering in Regent's Park range widely as its area—from Portland Place to Camden Town. Choose for Arcadian charm the bridge (above) over the shadowed waters of the Regent's Canal which skirts the park. Or for bustling family parties a visit to the elephants (left) at the Zoo where every day is late-Victorian afternoon



I also knew a wonderful old girl who was gone on bandstands and who spoke of the great white and gold bandstand at Southend rather as other travellers might have spoken of the temples of Angkor. How many exquisite hours we sat, she and I, in the shade of fretted cast-iron while the delightful brass brayed out in the hot afternoon air and the twopenny chair ruled neat weals across my behind. The bandsmen's faces were as red as their tunics and no performance was considered a triumph unless the last item was rendered in a state of near-apoplexy. "Of course, they're trained for it," said my friend.

These occasional pleasures were well spaced out in the acres of dismal learning covered by our walks. Toxology, venery, topiary, the Enclosure Acts, botany and a horrible advanced form of I Spy were invoked to take one's mind off people.

Ever since then I have never been able to relax in parks, which is what one is expected to do. I Know Too Much. I know, for instance, that the obviously retired dustman we can see resting over there—you are never alone with an old clay pipe—is very likely lying on the exact spot where Charles I trod when he strolled across snowy St. James's to Whitehall and his death. And apart from such hackneyed things as knowing that Pall Mall comes from a game called *palemail*, a primitive form of croquet, and that Rotten Row is most like *Route du Roi*, I know that the Achilles statue is not Achilles at all, but a Monte Cavallo horse-tamer. I hardly need add that there is a profound social and religious difference between observing a nude god and looking at a bare groom, and that it takes the English to appreciate such a distinction. I know about Nash and Le Nôtre, about Shelley

CONTINUED ON PAGE 414



The pleasure of Battersea Park is nostalgic, compound of children's voices, modern sculpture and the gentle melancholy of the Thames above Westminster. The pleasure of St. James's Park (left) is urbane and mannered as befits a Royal front garden. There are ducks—a hundred foreign families of them dipping in the lake—and sometimes a rotund mincing pelican or two to add tone. The pleasure of Holland Park (right) is Georgian and elegant with an avenue of limes—which she herself planted—to evoke the gay shade of Lady Holland





sailing paper boats (made of five-pound notes) on one pond and Mrs. Shelley drowning herself in another, and heaps of other things. But I have made a vow never to pass the information on.

Instead, I'll walk through the parks as factlessly as I can, dodging the lady novelists on their incessant rambles after sensibility, stepping over the Cockney Venuses and their knitting patterns, cutting pally dogs, ducking kite strings, my mind a recreational blank. I'll walk in St. James's first because it out-parks all parks in all countries. It isn't *the* Park—Hyde Park is that—but it is St. James's and more it could never be. So under Admiralty Arch (Sir A. Webb, 1910) and into the Mall. If you sit in St. James's Park long enough you will see the whole Cabinet pass by. Though who would want to, when you come to think of it?

Near Duck Island loiter the Bird People. They do not speak, they chuff and whistle and coo. Their mackintoshes are pregnant with buns and bread. They have kindly, beaky expressions. Sparrows, pigeons and even mallards reside on their heads or hang on their shoulders like squawking epaulettes.

It is different in Green Park. Green Park is a mood. There are no flowers or water. Its atmosphere is suppressed and intense. The people who make love there aim to marry. Green Park is that mysterious and melancholy glade which fades out of sight in a big brown Claude. Constitution Hill runs beside it, a dreadfully gloomy processional way where Peel fell off his horse and the Queen's private garden is hidden by a Dartmoor-like wall. The Ritz Hotel does all it can to cheer up the Green Park, though it is less than successful, and thank goodness. For the Green Park is 53 acres of pure contemplation.

Hyde Park is frankly extrovert. One could say that it has been there as long as London itself has been there. Lord Chatham called it the lung of London, though it is really its metabolism, quickening the

energies of Londoners so that they no sooner step inside it than they run relays, jump on to soap boxes, fight duels, ride, swim, play games, show off their clothes, rob earls, turn up their transistors, hang rogues, tan their skins, write plays, sail boats and walk and walk and walk. Eventually they walk back right into their childhood—or into Kensington Gardens, which is the same thing.

Richmond remains a *fête carillonnée* with no one left to tell one how it all began. Bushey is obviously a bit of Loire garden stolen when a marquise's back was turned. It should, like the Elgin Marbles, be returned to its proper setting. Hampton Court has a brooding absolutism which no amount of coach parties can crush. Battersea is common but nice, and on a clear day you can see the power station, which it is obligatory to admire. Marble Hill is a stiff little park, shared equably by such gently disparate ghosts as Mrs. Fitzherbert and Walter de la Mare. Then, Holland Park—an experience for the connoisseur. Marvellous, incomparable conversation hangs in the air and all day long Earls Court eavesdroppers are hurrying in to hear scraps of it, Burke's talk, Sheridan's chatter and Lady Holland's clever laughter.

Not the least extraordinary thing about parks is their profusion and their sacrosanctity. They are everywhere and no one dares to lessen their number. In Colchester the other day they thought nothing of pulling down a fine Gilbert Scott church in order to extend the Co-op, but had a contractor so much as backed his concrete mixer into the borough's exquisitely classical Castle Park, where the roots of the roses creep through the tesserae of Roman villas, there would have been hell to pay, as well as questions on television. So one needn't rush about looking at parks in case they won't be there next year. One can indulge leisurely in their mixture of public fantasy and private reality—and if you received your park indoctrination as young as myself you undoubtedly will.

The pleasure of Richmond Park is pastoral though Kingston lurks on the further fringe and dormitory London lies all about. There's space for deer and picnics and horse riding

How I bought Lolita

Lord Kilbracken

I FLEW OVER TO IRELAND FOR A LONG WEEKEND, TO attend to sundry business and to catch up on some sleep. The sleeping part was easy: pills and potions become suddenly superfluous in the silence and somnolence of Killegar. My business was more intricate. I finalized a deal under which I sold some timber to a veneer company in Donegal, and actually got a cheque for it. I decided which of my six young bulls I would send to the Bull Show at Ballsbridge in February, and filled in the immensely detailed entry form. I had a chat with my bank manager. I sent five pure-bred Herefords all the way to Dublin for the Prussia Street sales, and didn't dispose of one of them. I inspected the damage done by the hurricane last month—it really *was* a hurricane—and made plans to salvage as much as I could from the 50 or 60 trees which it wantonly uprooted. But the buying of the mare was the most complex matter of all.

Everybody knows that you have to be very careful in equine transactions of any shape or form, and the story of Lolita, as the mare in question is named, really began last summer. Tim O'Sullivan, a local dealer, commonly known as Black Tim, had heard that I was looking, as indeed I was, for a suitable animal: something quiet and amenable which the youngest children could ride, but also capable of taking the milk to the creamery or of drawing a wheel-rake. And one fine morning he walked into the yard with a grey pony of 13 hands, some 6 or 7 years old—for ages tend to become vague in Leitrim, not only among horses—and guaranteed sound and “engaged in all harness.”

Now Black Tim was too smart to imagine that I'd buy her on the spot then and there; he gave me credit, at least, for more horse sense than *that*. He said he would leave her with me, and I could put her to whatever test I liked, and there was no need to be in a hurry; he'd be back “some of these days” and, if she suited me, we “wouldn't fall out over the price,” as he put it.

He extolled her virtues while first Johnnie, and then Mary, tentatively trotted her, and he then departed, leaving the pony with us. That was four months ago, and there had been no sight nor sign of Black Tim since.

On the morning after my return the other day, however, he turned up in the yard again to complete our unfinished business. To tell the truth, I'd been half-expecting him, and I found myself admiring the tactics he'd employed. Not only had we had ample time to get Brian, the vet, to check Lolly's soundness (he was satisfied) and her age (which he put at 8), but she had proved herself on the farm and also, which was even more relevant, everyone at Killegar had had time to become attached to her. In fact the direst

threats had been made by children of all ages, and the most appealing pleas, to convince me that Lolita, at almost any price, was a bargain I shouldn't miss. The price, however, as always, was all-important; and a matter of honour besides.

I do not know how it may be arranged elsewhere, but in Ireland one decides a price—or, at least, *begins* to decide a price—on something along the following lines. Both parties know in advance the approximate figure at which the deal might be concluded. The seller begins by asking about one-third, and occasionally up to one-half, above this sum. The buyer, if he doesn't first actually walk off in a simulated huff, at least shrugs his shoulders with an air of great contempt, and offers half the asking price (perhaps a little more). In the course of the next hour or two, both sides slowly concede ground, till a price is at last agreed (or, as the case may be, *not* agreed) somewhere between these two extremes.

So it now happened between Black Tim and myself. He began by saying that he “supposed”—quite rightly, need I say—that I wouldn't “go the three figures,” by which he meant, need I explain, £100. Of course, I just laughed at this, and told him I was thinking in terms of “two ponies” (£50), a reply along orthodox lines. We had already at least established that the likely eventual price would be somewhere between £65 and £85, a fact which we had both known all along. A very long period of bargaining now ensued, in the course of which, by very gradual stages, Tim reduced his asking price to £83, and I increased my bid to 60 guineas. At this point, however, we got stuck, despite the usual suggestion of sundry onlookers (who, as usual, had gathered on the scene) that we should “split the difference” between us.

The whole deal seemed on the point of falling through. But it was at just this moment that I remembered about Primrose, a Shorthorn cow of mine who was just on the point of calving, and whom I had in mind to sell. Would Black Tim, I asked, happen to be interested in “a right good springer”? He was; and negotiations over the mare were left in abeyance while we went to examine her. I started, naturally, by asking three figures, and he at once offered “the half of it”; after a long new bout of haggling, we found ourselves, strange to relate, in precisely the same position as with Lolita—£83 offered and £63 bid. A happy solution seemed to present itself, though etiquette demanded that neither Tim nor I should make it, which would imply a weakening.

“Come on, men,” said an onlooker. “Make it a straight swap—the pony for the springer.” I exchanged a glance with Tim, and we then shook hands; my most complex piece of business had been happily concluded.



